

Face The Music

by StarDolphin

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Face The Music

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Music
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Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Do you hear the people sing? Singing the songs of
angry men? . . .

Rachel hummed along with the music as she stirred the cookie dough in
front of her. It was a lazy Sunday; no missions, no dangers, no
Yeerks, and no disturbances. It was one of those days where she
wished that this little break came more often. Making cookies was a
favorite pastime of hers,
>and opportunities were few and far between. Setting the first batch
in the oven, she went to retrieve her timer. <p>

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Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Look down, look down. . .

*Ick! Les Miserables!*Â Marco entered the kitchen. he quickly
changed the music to fit his tastes.
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Â Â Â Â Â Â Â It's the end of the world as we know it, it's
the end . . .

He nodded with satisfaction and opened the refridgerator, but closed
it when he spotted the cookie dough. Grabbing the bowl, he dashed off
to watch TV.

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Â Â Â Â Â Â Â And weeee feeeeeeel fiiiiine!!!
>Â
Cassie covered her ears. *Alternative! Not way Jose!* Moving discreetly to the radio, she changed the station. The Moonlight Sonata filled the kitchen. *Ah. . .that's better. . .* Humming quietly, she left the kitchen.

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Â Â Â Â Â Â Â . . .and that was the Moonlight Sonata. Next up. . . .

Jake sighed. *Classical again? HmMMM. . .not for long!* He turned the radio dial to the local oldies station.

Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Rockin' robin, tweet tweet tweet. . .every lil' swallow, every
>Â Â Â Â Â Â Â chickadee, every lil' bird in the old oak tree. . .
<p>

Grinning, he went to find his novel.

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Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Help me, Rhonda, help help me Rhonda. . .

Rachel returned with her timer. *That's funny. I thought I left 'Les Miz' playing.* Still confused, she played the tape again.
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Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Red, the color of desire, Black, the color of despair. .

Now, where did the cookie dough go? Marco!!! Rachel slammed down the timer and stormed off to find the boy.

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Â Â Â Â Â Â Â In my life, there are so many questions and answers that somehow seem
>Â Â Â Â Â Â Â wrong. . . <p>

Marco entered the kitchen with an empty bowl and a full stomach. Licking his fingers, he placed the bowl in the sink. *Mmmmmmm. . .that was good. Wait! I left R.E.M. on!* He remedied the problem.
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Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Despite all my rage I am still just a rat in a cage. . .

Puzzled, he returned to the TV.

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I'm a b*tch, I'm a tease, I'm a goddess on my knees. . . .

Something funny is going on here. . Cassie thought as she walked into the kitchen. *I could have sworn. . .* Brushing her thoughts to the back of her mind, he flipped on the CD player and walked out of the room humming Beethoven's 5th Symphony.

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Faint strains of Vivaldi drifted out of the stereo. Jake shook his

head. *This is really bizarre. . .* He sat down on the sofa and used the remote to change the music.

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Â Â Â Â Â Â Â Shalalalalalala la ti da. .Brown-eyed girl. .
>Â <p>

Sighing contentedly, he picked up his book and began to read. Just then, Rachel marched in, her blond hair flecked with flour. In front of her was one very unhappy Marco. Jake suppressed a laugh.

"In trouble again?" Marco scowled.

"He ate all of my cookie dough!!" Rachel complained, but then she stopped. "So you're the one who keeps changing my music!" She said.

"What were you playing?" Jake asked.

"Les Miz." Marco looked at his toes.

"Impossible! If it was Les Miz I wouldn't have changed it!"

"Excuse me, but wasn't there classical music a moment ago?" Cassie poked her head into the room. A full-scale argument broke out. Just as it was reaching it's peak, the stereo in the background went silent. All four teens turned to look. Cassie's father stood in the doorway, the plug to the stereo in his hands. After all, silence is golden. <p>

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The End!

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file.